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TO MY OWN.

The squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree All wrapped in his long, soft tail; The rabbit is enuggied as snug can be In his home 'neath the old fence rail; The partridge is only a bunch of down Where thickest the arching brush-They in the forest and we in the town, Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field mouse curls in a velvet ball Far under the dead swamp grass; In his hole by the frozen waterfall The mink dreams oft of the bass; And every chick of the ground and air Is cuddled in haven deep— So here in the glow of the firelight fair,

Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep. The North Wind remps with the whirling

Sly Jack Frost noses about; But wood and field are abed-for no, Not even the owl is out. And here, where the motherkin's breast to

And motherkin's arms are tight, Safe from the snow and the frost and storm, Good night, honey-boy, good night. -Edwin L. Sabin, in Saturday Evening

A BUCKSKIN PONY.

To be the proud possessor of a real pony was beyond the boy's wildest ambitions, and when Uncle Tom gave him Don, not for "keeps," but for as long as his visit was to last, he was simply overwhelmed. Dan was a genuine mustang, wiry, fast and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. He had served his apprenticeship as a "cow pony," and could cut a steer out of a herd without any guiding on the part of his rider. He had been "branded" on his right foreshoulder, and although the mark was rather faint, it was his touchy spot The minute he was touched there he would "buck." This peculiarity had been explained to the boy and a caution given to beware. On the first occasion of his mounting the pony the shepherd dog and his running mate, the hound pup, had joined in to make the thing a success. The shepherd dog ran forward and barked encouragingly, and the hound pup jumped up and nipped Dan right where he had been branded. The buckskin brute stopped suddenly, arched his back in a short, half-moon, jumped sideways about seven feet, kicked out savagely with his hindlegs, rose in the air, stood on his forelegs, came down arched his back and then lashed out once more with his rear hoofs.

The boy was not on his back during all these gyrations, having had his feet shaken out of the Mexican stirrups at the first number on Dan's programme, and when the next move, the side jump, was introduced, he left the Texan saddle and occupied a fron seat on the sod, where he watched the pony trying to "buck" the saddle off. Finally Dan gave up his efforts to rid himself of the saddle and quieted down. The boy, who was only shaken up a bit and not hurt, climbed into the saddle again and the exurbant hound pup was tied up. Then he "loped' the pony to the bars, got off and let down the three rails, remounted and started for a ride. The heavy saddle, with its high horn and stout wooden stirrups, was as easy to ride in as a rocking chair. What little riding the boy had done in town was with the regulation saddle and iron stirrups. and the change gave him much more confidence in spite of his recent spill The pony's gait was either a fast walk a slow "lope" or a space-devouring gallop when put to his best.

Far to the west, to the south, to the north and east stretched the prairies. To the southwest lay the Tarkio, faintly traceable by its fringe of cottonwoods. Not a single house was in sight, but five miles away was the nearest farm, and there in a grove of cottonwoods was the home of Sanderson Thompson Satterlee, famous as a fiddler, coon bunter, rifle shot, giant and general good fellow. The boy's uncle had told him that Satterlee's oldest boy had a riffle, was about the boy's own age and was a mighty hunter. The Satterlee boy had been told of the aproaching arrival of the city boy, and he was full of curiosity. Se the buckskin's head was turned to ward the Satterlee farm, and with a steady lope he commenced to cover the slopes that lay between the farms. The road was one that led to the mill of the distant Nodaway river and was plain enough. The pony loped up the gentle slopes and loped downhill. On the level he loped with an easy stride that recled the miles off like unraveling an old yarn stocking. In half an turkey-gobbler. "Oom, boom! While at the stake Wishart openly

hour they were at the farm. It had been a novel experience riding so far and fast with never a tree, fence, nor sign of human habitation. Meadow larks had flitted up from the short grass with their abrupt, jerky flight and then settled in the grass a brims of their hollow cups with the the bleeding body of the cardinal was few feet from the road. Twice the rolling echoes: Like the tattoo of hung by his murderers over the batboy had seen prairie chickens, and deep drums it rumbled down the tlements of St. Andrew's. they had not seemed to mind him at night. One old rooster in particular all as he loped past. As he did not Assisted by a first class workman, bring his gun he expected to see somecan now be found at 309; East Ninih | thing in the way of game, but his street, where he will be pleased to uncle had told him never to shoot a see all his former putrous. Usual bird out of season. This "out of sea- railed stiffly behind him, and the set | that she were the first silken hosiery sen" had been something of a puzzle of his head and the swelling out of his | Unitted by hand

to him in the earlier phases of his ex- neck was simply regal. "Oom, boom, bird when it was laying eggs or bring- were like a bass drum's roll. ing up the brood was only to bring destruction of the brood, and he easpaid to the game laws to amount to | "I forgot to tell grammaw to put in a anything up there in that wild coun- couple of apples for us in the grub. observance. And his uncle was such | morrow?" a splendid shot that the boy obeyed him loyally.

big yellow dog came running out with one of which he had eaten. Finally a gruff bark and was followed by a boy he remembered, as he thought, and back and came up to the bars. He | them lemons, too."-Ernest McGafwas a stocky boy, with sharp gray eyes | fey, in Chicago Daily Record. and rather long hair.

The boy from the city said: "Are you Ferris Satterlee?"

"Yes," replied the long-haired boy. "Are you the feller from Saint Looey?

"That's me," was the town boy's

got yer gun with you?" he said, questioningly.

"No!" said the town boy, "and that's what I come over about. Will you come over to Uncle Tom's toight and we'll go down to the river for ducks to-morrow early?"

"I ain't never shot ary ducks," said ne of the long hair, reflectively, "but reckon I can hit 'em on the set. Your uncle was tellin' pap you could git 'em flyin'," he went on.

"Well," said the town boy, "I can get 'em sometimes."

"I've got to chop this wood an' git it in 'fore I can go," said Ferris.

"We'll put it in together," said the other boy. "You chop and I'll carry." The steady swing of an ax made up the necessary pile, and after awhile Ferris got out his rifle, powder flasks, patches and bullets and was ready to go. He went to the barn and got out

his pony, a bay one. "He ain't as good as the buckskin," he said, "but he'll stand fire. I can lay the rifle over his years, an' shoot without him jumpin'. A buckskin they 'low is the best of the mustangs,' he went on. "I had one once myself. I traded a fiddle fer a calf an' when she growed up an' had a calf herself I traded 'em both fer a mule, an' I traded the mule an' five dollars to boot fer the buckskin. A buckskin pony don't never wear out. You can summer 'em an' winter 'em an' they last. They'll lope all day stiddy, an be fresh at night. They ain't generaly mean an' they know a lot, too. But bis one of mine wouldn't stand fire. reckon some feller must a' shot 'im once."

On their way back to Uncle Tom's the twilight gathered and the boys swapped experiences. The Satterlee boy was a wide-awake youngster and not at all abashed by the fact that his companion hailed from the city. An orange given to Ferris was a complete mystery, and he found it to be very delicious. When told that the town boy had brought out a box of them to he prairies he was amazed.

"Gee-whilly! didn't they cost a

pile?" he asked. the hills. It was a resonant, yet hollow-sounding reverberation, rolling by with a muffled "oom-boom, boom! oom, boom! oom, boom, boom!"

"Chickens," said Ferris. "They boom on the next hill every night."

When the boys rode slowly up the adjoining slope they saw a strange sight, at least for the town boy. A lock of pinnated grouse had gathered here and were holding a regular outdoor reception. The grass was hort at this place and had been somewhat trampled down, so that bare spots were in profusion. The male hirds, with their throats swelled out, and the little feathered tufts on their necks stretched out, strutted up and down before the hens with all the airs days at the bar of God, and Epeszoon and arrogance that distinguish the oom-boom!" Such assumption of denounced Cardinal Beaton: "He pround importance, such a display of shall be brought low, even to the orange-colored neck-glands and rustling wings; such stiffened and scraping tail feathers. "Oom, boom! leaves." The trees were but in the boom!" The hills were filled to the bravery of their May foliage when seemed to be the cock of the walk. His wing feathers rasped along the bare spots with a "don't-tread-on-me"

perience with the gun, but to kill a | boom!" The notes of his challenge

"They're courting," said Ferris. The bay and the buckskin loped ily saw the force of the argument side by side until the bars at Uncle against it. And yet what a tempta- Tom's were reached, and very soon tion it was to see a fine prairie chicken the two ponies were contentedly within tantalizingly easy distance and munching a generous supply of not shoot because it wasn't the right | "slue" grass. When the boys tumbled time of year! There was no attention into bed that night the town boy said: try, but his uncle was firm for their | Say, won't we give it to the ducks to-

Ferris lay for awhile trying to think of the name of those golden globes of As they got to the Satterlee bars a | fruit which he had been shown, and who carried an ax. He drove the dog | said, hopefully: "Let's take one o'

TURKESTAN COTTON.

Goes Far Toward Supplying Russian Demand-Primitive Mills.

When Gen. Annenkoff finished the Transcaspian railway to Samarkand and had time to turn his attention from railway-building to "Git off'n the buckskin and come commerce and agriculture, he dein," said Ferris. "Pap's gone to mill clared that some day Turkestan cotan' I'm cuttin' some wood. You ain't ton would be selling in the markets of Europe in competition with the cotton of the United States, Egypt and the other countries which contribute the staple to the world. That time has not come yet, says Trumbull White in the Chicago Record, but the Turkestan product now goes far toward supplying the Russian demand itself, and Russia has been at times one of the heaviest buyers from the United States. It is not only American seed that has contributed to this result, but American methods of cultivation and American machinery as

Most of the Asiatic cotton grown in Turkestan is cleaned by wooden machines worked by hand, which, like the plows, are inefficient but cheap. Most of the upland cotton, on the other hand, as well as some of the native product, is sent to mills, where it is treated by jennies, run usually by water power, sometimes by animal power or by hand, and infrequently by steam. Most of the cotton-cleaning mills are in towns in the enter of plantation districts, but some are out in the midst of a plantation belt where there is no town at all. The greater number of the mills are in Tashkend, Khokand, Namanran, Andijan and Margelan.

In Tashkend I visited one of the rudest of these, an old mill run by an undershot waterwheel of the most primitive sort, making a thunderous noise and doing its work slowly, but ultimately accomplishing its purpose. There was no waste in the power supply, for all the water was carried into an irrigation ditch, where it went to continue its worthy labor by helping o raise more cotton, but it did seem as if there would be economy in more expensive and efficient appliances The mills of this sort are gradually being supplanted.

STRANGE PROPHECIES.

Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, Predicted Truly. Clement V. and Philip IV. pro-

cured the condemnation of Molay, the grand master of the Templars, to the stake, says Chambers' Journal. As he was led to execution Molay At the top of one of the slopes they cited his prosecutors to appear before heard a distant, booming echo over God's throne, the king within 40 weeks and the pope within 40 days. Within those respective times both died. Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, condemned to death Fra Morialo. When he had pronounced the sentence the culprit summoned the judge to meet death himself within the month, and within the month Rienzi was assassinated.

In 1575 Napping Koppezoon, a Roman Catholic, tortured to death during the religious strile in the Netherlands, recanted his extorted confession when on the way to the scaffold. A clergyman, Jurian Epeszoon, tried to drown his voice by clamorous prayer. The victim summoned him to meet him within three went home and died within that time. ground, before the trees which have supplied these fagots have shed their

Silk Stockings.

Silk : tockings did not come into vogue until the period of Queen Elizamotion, his tail was like a board as it | beth of England. It is reported of her |

In the East childlessness is considered curse from the gods. It is a pathetic sight to see some childless Hindoo mother prostrate before an idol, imploring that the curse of childlessness may be

taken away.

women are not as they suppose under Nature's ban, but are suffering from a diseased condition of

Are we much wiser than the

heathen

Thousands of

childless

the delicate feminine organs. It may be debilitating drains or female weakness, and perhaps an ulcerated and inflamed condition of the parts. In any case the diseased condition must be removed and a healthy condition established before the maternal function can be fulfilled.

Many a mother acknowledges her debt to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and to its inventor Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo. N. Y., who invites the sick to write and consult him without charge. "Favorite Prescription" promptly allays irritation, heals ulceration, checks the debilitating drains, cures female weakness and the accompanying bearing down pains. It gives vitality and elasticity to the organs peculiary feminine, and establishes the natural conditions which make for the

easy birth of healthy children. There is nothing just as good for you as "Favorite Prescription." Don't be put off with a substitute.

"I have never written you how grateful I am to you for your help in securing good health and one of the sweetest, dearest thirteen pound girls that ever came into a home," writes Mrs. M. Vastine, of 647 South Liberty St., Galesburg, Ill. "When I wrote you about my allments I was living in Richland, lowa. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription, four of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Before I had taken four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I was a new woman. I cannot make pen describe my heartfelt gratitude."

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For further information (call on or address EDGAR HILL, Traffic Mgr, Louisviile, Ky.

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